CHARLTON COMICS GROUP
FIGHTIN' ARMY
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CHARLTON PUBLICATION
FIGHTIN' ARMY
"MY INFANTRY REGIMENT IS BETTER THAN THEY REALIZE."
"MY SS DIVISION WILL SMASH THE INTRUDERS BACK TO PARIS AND THEN THE GERMAN ARMIES WILL SWEEP ALL OUR ENEMIES INTO THE SEA! HEIL HITLER!"
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BENNY HEINZ, HERE...OUR MISSION WAS TO ESCORT A LIMEY TRUCK CONVOY OF BADLY NEEDED SUPPLIES TO AN ISOLATED BRITISH OUTPOST SOMEWHERE TO THE WEST RIGHT ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE GERMAN PICKET-LINES. OUR TANK, "MOTHER", WAS AT THE HEAD OF THE COLUMN, AND MAJOR GRAEME'S TANK, "FATHER", WAS GUARDING THE REAR. MAJOR EARNIE POTTER, MY T.C., WAS IN HIS TURRET KEEPING WATCH FOR ENEMY RECON UNITS.
DEVIL'S BRIGADE
S.SGT. WALLY WILCOX, OUR GUNNER, WAS UNUSUALLY GRUMPY THAT DAY.
BOY, I'M FEELIN' GREAT TODAY.
WHO CARES! DO YOU THINK I CARE? DO YOU THINK I CARE?! ASK ME IF I CARE! GO ON...ASK ME!
SAM GLANZMAN
B-1277
DO YOU CARE?
...NO!!!

FIGHTIN' ARMY Vol. 14, No. 160, October, 1982,

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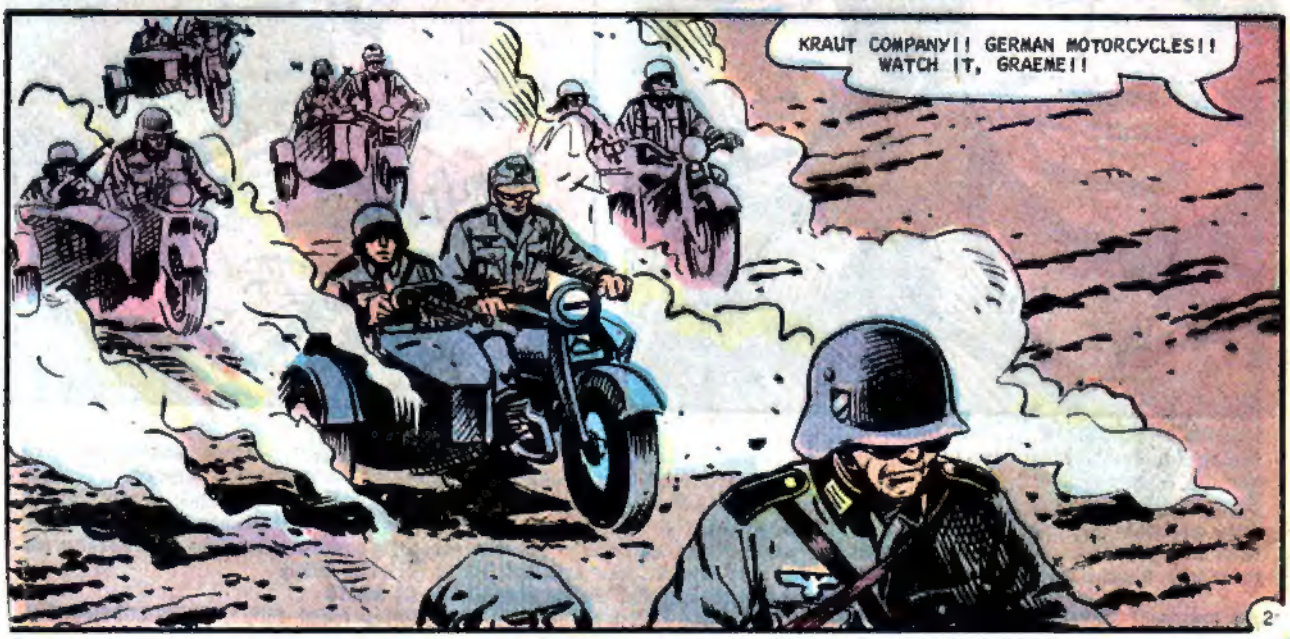
LAY OFF BENNY, WALLY. JUST BECAUSE...
I SAY, POTTER, OLD BOY. THERE'S SOMETHING UP AHEAD.

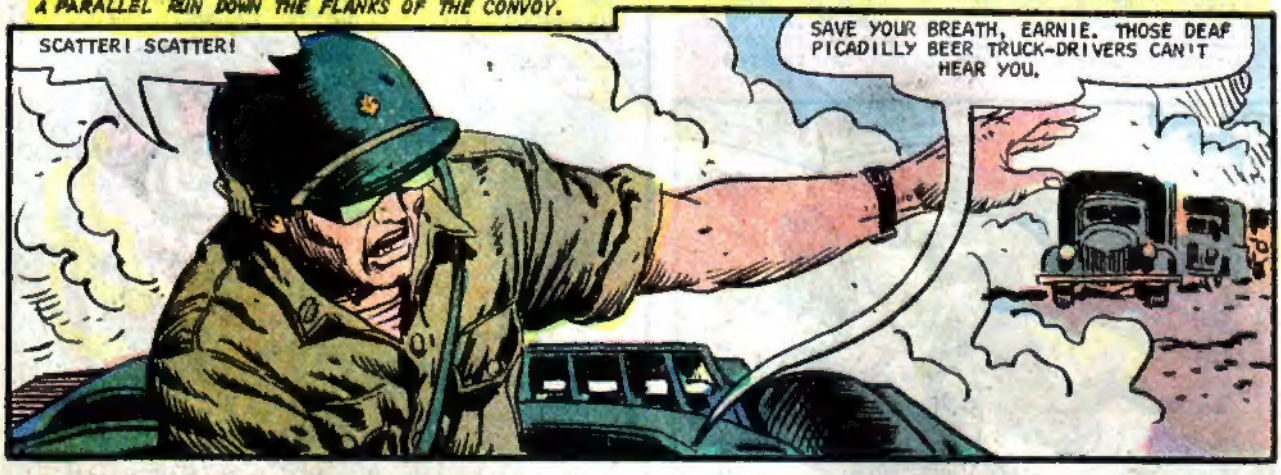
CAN'T MAKE IT OUT, THOUGH. TOO MUCH SMOKE AND DUST. BUT WHATEVER THEY ARE, THEY'RE TOO SMALL AND TOO FAST TO BE ANY KIND OF TANK.

WITH MAJOR POTTER BUSY IN HIS TURRET, MY OPPORTUNITY HAD ARRIVED...AND I COULDN'T RESIST.
NOT ONE "CONGRATULATIONS"...A HANDSHAKE...NOT EVEN A SLAP ON THE BACK...
A SLAP ON THE BACK?! IS THAT ALL YOU WANT? I TELL YOU WHAT, WALTER...I'LL DO EVEN BETTER THAN THAT! I'LL GIVE YOU A PUNCH IN THE BELLY...MAYBE EVEN A KICK IN THE...

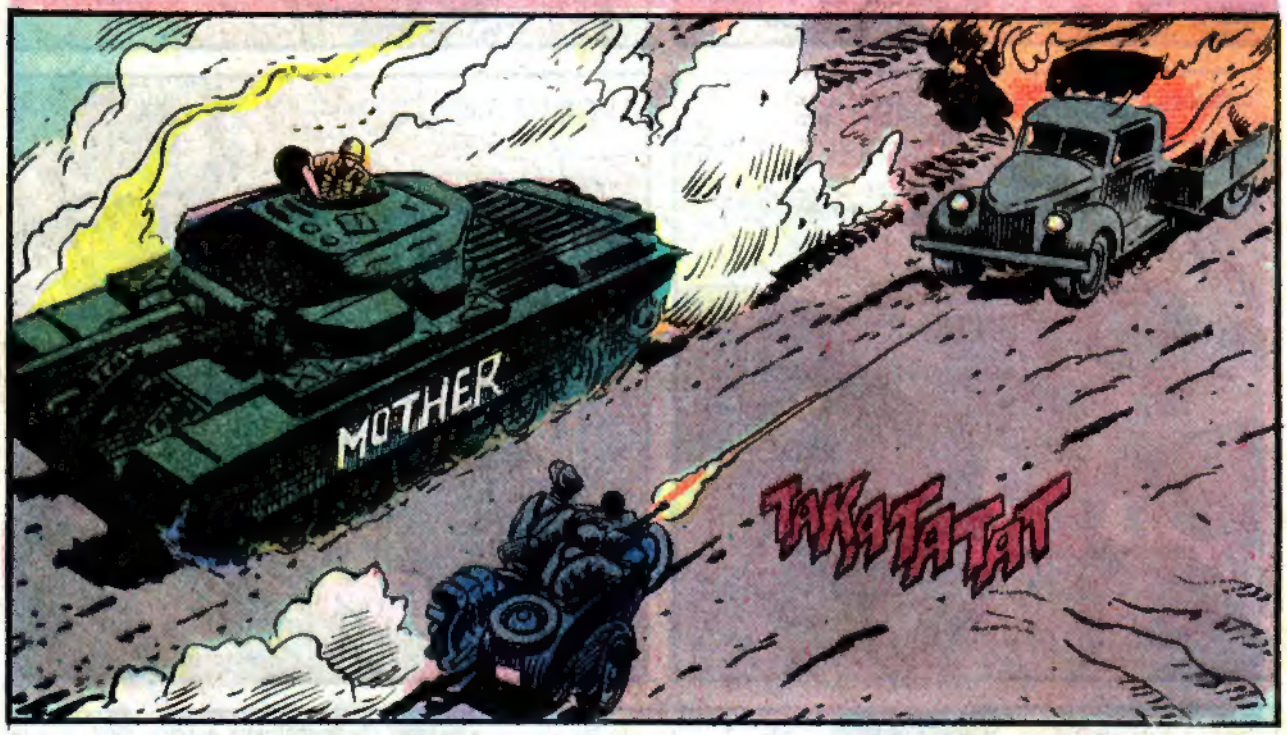
AH, SHUT UP BEFORE I SMASH YOU IN YOUR EAR-LOBE, YOU LITTLE WEASEL!
YUK, YUK, YUK!
QUIET DOWN THERE, YOU TWO!! WE GOT COMPANY!


KRAUT COMPANY!! GERMAN MOTORCYCLES!! WATCH IT, GRAEME!!

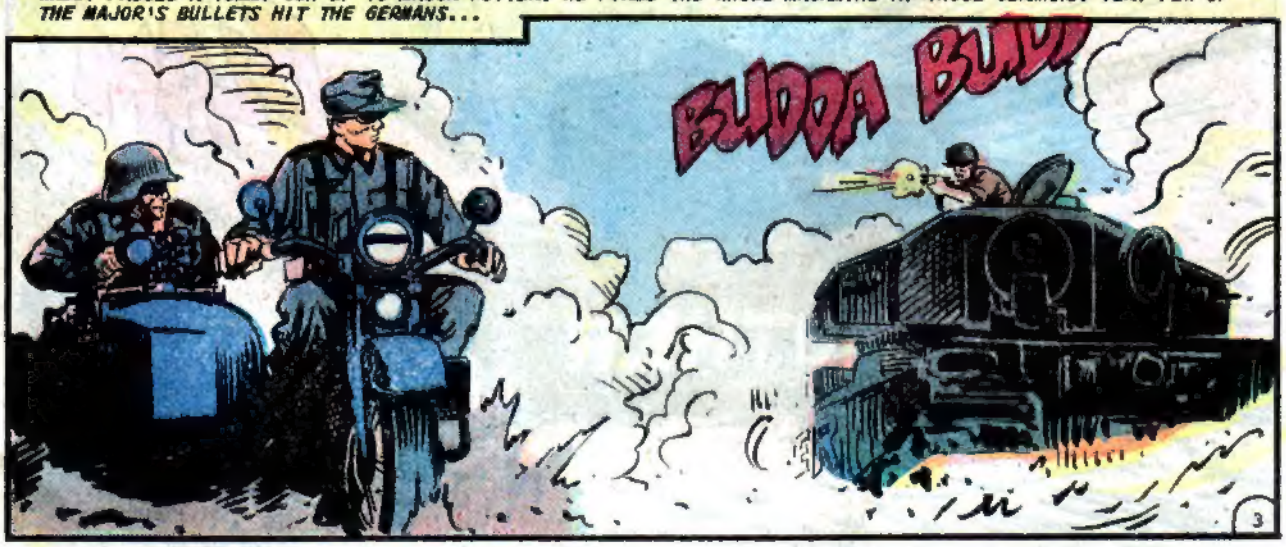
LOOKING THROUGH MY PERISCOPE, I COULD SEE THE GERMAN CYCLES BREAK UP INTO TWO GROUPS OF THREE AND START A PARALLEL RUN DOWN THE FLANKS OF THE CONVOY.



A GERMAN GUNNER SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER ON HIS LIGHT MACHINE GUN AND VENTILATED THE TRUCK BEHIND US WITH 7.92 MM BULLET HOLES. THE TWO LIMEYS DIED INSIDE OF THE CAB.



WALLY PASSED A TOMMY-GUN UP TO MAJOR POTTER. HE FIRED THE WHOLE MAGAZINE AT THOSE GERMANS. VERY FEW OF THE MAJOR'S BULLETS HIT THE GERMANS...



THE ONE EXPLOSION SOUNDED LIKE A HUNDRED INSIDE OF THE FIGHTING COMPARTMENT. I FIGURED WE HAD BEEN HIT...BUT WHERE? THEN WE HEARD POTTER'S CRIES...AND FELT THE INTENSE HEAT SPREADING BEHIND US!

WE'RE ON FIRE! IT'S TOO BIG FOR US TO HANDLE! GET OUT, YOU GUYS! GET OUT WHILE YOU STILL CAN!

FLAMES WERE SEEPING INTO THE FIGHTING COMPARTMENT. I GRABBED A THOMPSON AND MADE A SPLIT-SECOND EXIT FROM MY HATCH.

WAIT A MINUTE, EARNIE! I HAVE TA GET MY GUN! YOU DON'T...

NO TIME TO WAIT, YOU OAF! SHE'LL BLOW ANY SECOND! COME ON!

A RUMBLE CAME FROM INSIDE "MOTHER." FLAMES FLICKERED FROM THE COMMANDER'S HATCH...THEN AN EAR-SHATTERING EXPLOSION! "MOTHER'S" TURRET SHOT INTO THE AIR LIKE A ROCKET.

UHN...

WALLY?!

WHOOMP

I COULD SEE THAT WALLY WAS JUST...

STUNNED. THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION JUST KNOCKED THE WIND OUT OF HIM. BETTER THAN BEING FRIED. WHERE'RE YOU GOIN'?

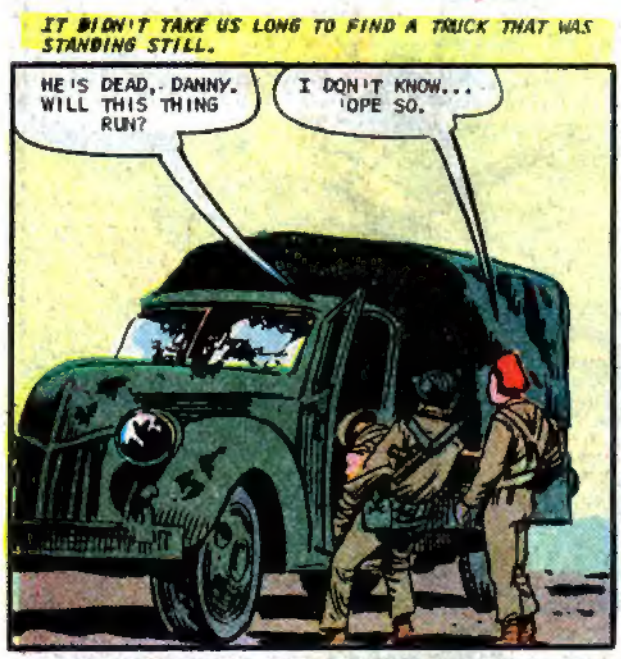
GOIN' TO FIND GRAEME. SEE HOW HE'S DOIN'.

AFTER I LEFT...

HE'LL BE COMING AROUND ...WHO'S THAT?

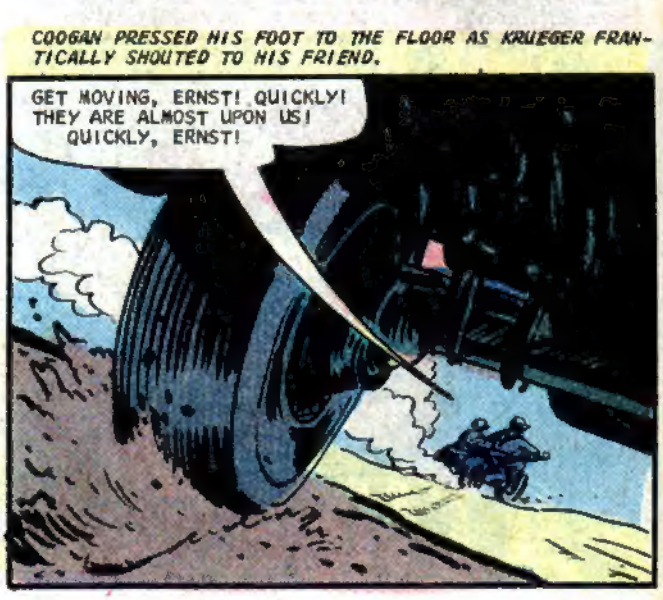
UHHL

KRUEGER!! HE'S COME BACK! HE'S PROBABLY THE ONE WHO GOT MY TANK!
MY .45! IT'S GONE! MUST'VE FALLEN OUT WHEN I JUMPED FROM THE TANK. HE'S WALKIN' AWAY...RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME AND I CAN'T STOP HIM...TOO TIRED TO MOVE... CAN'T MOVE...YOU'VE GOT A RIGHT TO SMILE, ALBERT... SO GO AHEAD...LAUGH. NEXT TIME YOU WON'T BE SO LUCKY.
BULLETS FROM SGT. MALCOLM SEARS' STEN GUN DISCOURAGED A PAIR OF GERMANS RIDING A FAST-MOVING MOTORCYCLE FROM RUNNING ME INTO THE GROUND. THEY TURNED AWAY IN SEARCH OF MORE TRUCKS.
THEY'RE BACKING OFF!
BLOODY THING'S BUSTED, SIR. WE'RE STUCK 'ERE FOR NOW. I CAN'T FIX IT. IT TAKES TIME, YA KNOW, SIR.
BRUP BRUP
BLAST IT ALL...! ALL RIGHT, DANNY. GET HOLD OF A STEN AND SEE IF YOU CAN POP OFF ONE OF THESE LITTLE...I SAY...IS THAT HEINZ?
FATHER
YES, SIR. OUR TANK'S BEEN KNOCKED OUT...COMPLETELY DESTROYED. MAJOR POTTER AND S.SGT. WILCOX ARE OKAY, THOUGH.
WELL, THAT'S GOOD. IT'S "SMILING ALBERT" WHO'S DOING ALL THIS, YOU KNOW. I JUST SAW HIM. HE SMILED AT ME, THE LAUGHING FOOL! WHAT AUDACITY! AN IMPUDENT, LAUGHING FOOL!
YES, SIR. SIR? I HAVE A PLAN TO GET ONE OR TWO OF THEM...IF COOGAN CAN COME ALONG WITH ME OVER THERE.
OF COURSE. THERE'S NOT MUCH THAT HE CAN DO HERE.
6

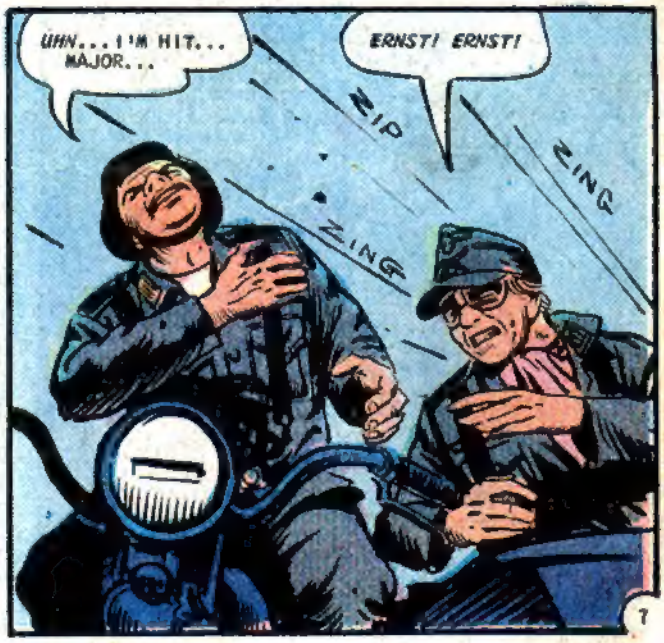

IT DIDN'T TAKE US LONG TO FIND A TRUCK THAT WAS STANDING STILL.
HE'S DEAD, DANNY. WILL THIS THING RUN?
I DON'T KNOW... 'OPE SO.

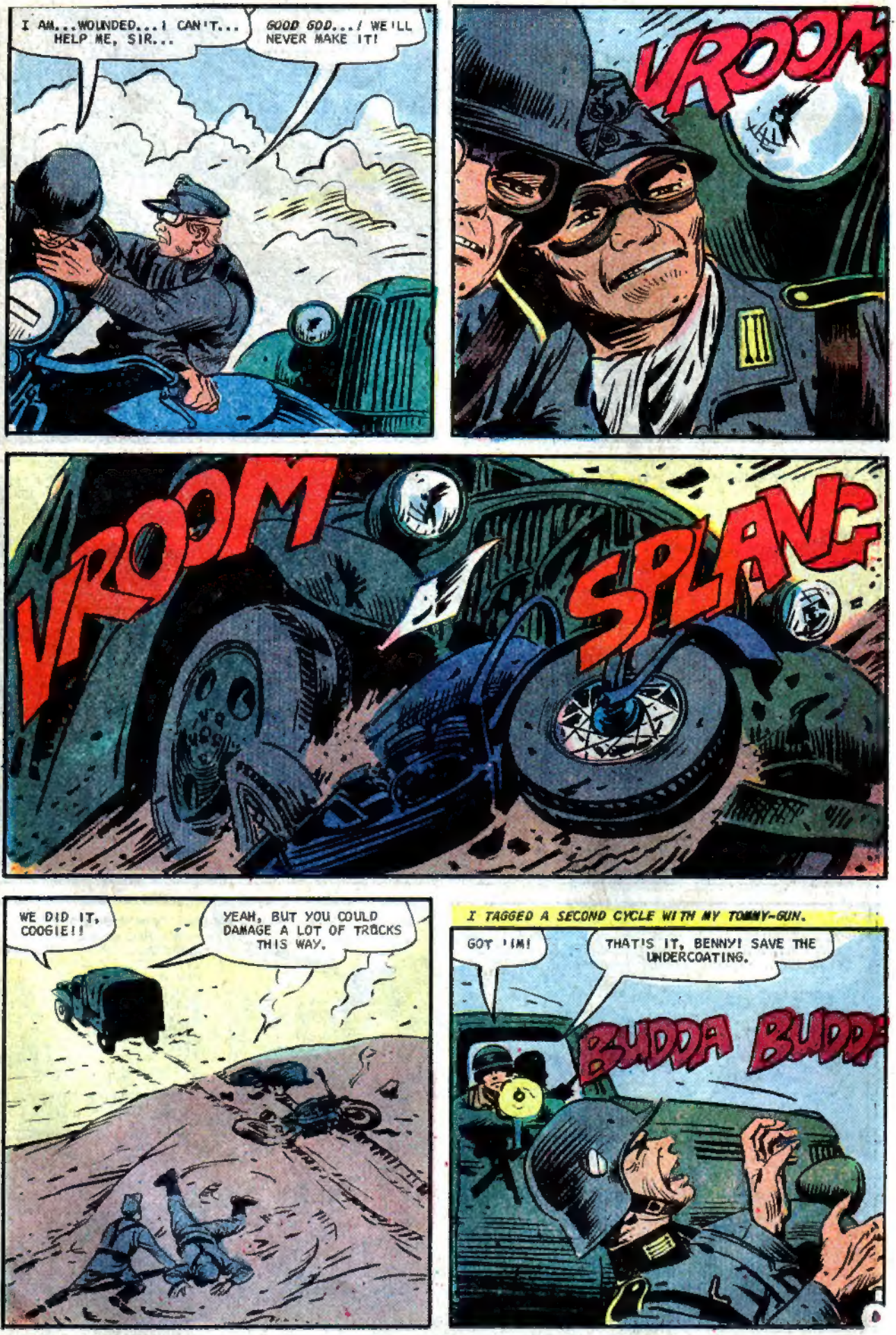
THERE... IT RUNS. I 'OPE THIS'LL WORK. ALBERT'S CYCLES ARE TOO BLASTED FAST FOR OUR TANKS TO SHOOT UP. WHOEVER NAMED 'SMILING ALBERT'' NAMED 'IM WELL. 'E'S A RUDDY LOON!

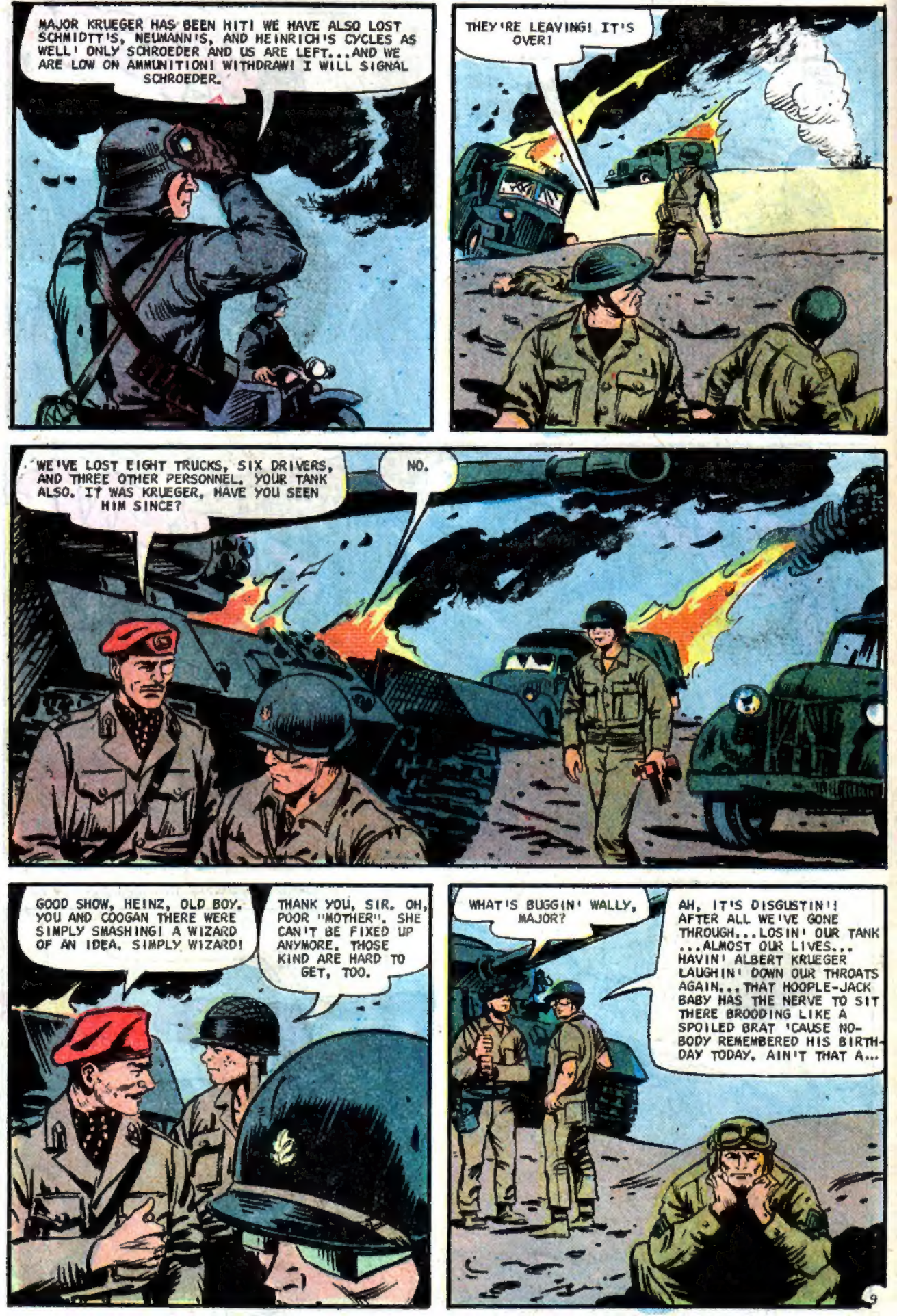
THE ATTACK IS GOING WELL, ERNST. I AM VERY PLEASED. YES...MOST PLEASED. I...
THERE'S ONE! GO GET 'IM, COOGIE BABY!


COOGAN PRESSED HIS FOOT TO THE FLOOR AS KRUEGER FRANTICALLY SHOUTED TO HIS FRIEND.
GET MOVING, ERNST! QUICKLY! THEY ARE ALMOST UPON US! QUICKLY, ERNST!

IT'S KRUEGER! AFTER 'IM, COOGIE!
FASTER, ERNST, OR WE WILL BE DESTROYED!
BUDDDA
BU


UHN... I'M HIT... MAJOR...
ERNST! ERNST!
ZIP
ZING
ZING

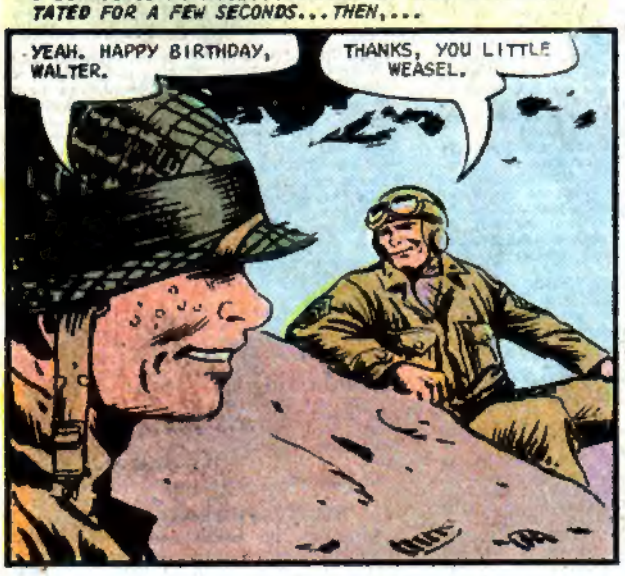

I AM...WOUNDED...I CAN'T... HELP ME, SIR...
GOOD GOD.../ WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!
VROOM
VROOM
SPLANG
WE DID IT, COOGIE!!
YEAH, BUT YOU COULD DAMAGE A LOT OF TRUCKS THIS WAY.
I TAGGED A SECOND CYCLE WITH MY TOMMY-GUN.
GOT 'IM!
THAT'S IT, BENNY! SAVE THE UNDERCOATING.
BUDDA BUDDA


MAJOR KRUEGER HAS BEEN HIT! WE HAVE ALSO LOST SCHMIDTT'S, NEUMANN'S, AND HEINRICH'S CYCLES AS WELL! ONLY SCHROEDER AND US ARE LEFT...AND WE ARE LOW ON AMMUNITION! WITHDRAW! I WILL SIGNAL SCHROEDER.
THEY'RE LEAVING! IT'S OVER!
WE'VE LOST EIGHT TRUCKS, SIX DRIVERS, AND THREE OTHER PERSONNEL. YOUR TANK ALSO. IT WAS KRUEGER, HAVE YOU SEEN HIM SINCE?
NO.
GOOD SHOW, HEINZ, OLD BOY. YOU AND COOGAN THERE WERE SIMPLY SMASHING! A WIZARD OF AN IDEA. SIMPLY WIZARD!
THANK YOU, SIR. OH, POOR "MOTHER". SHE CAN'T BE FIXED UP ANYMORE. THOSE KIND ARE HARD TO GET, TOO.
WHAT'S BUGGIN' WALLY, MAJOR?
AH, IT'S DISGUSTIN'! AFTER ALL WE'VE GONE THROUGH...LOSIN' OUR TANK ...ALMOST OUR LIVES... HAVIN' ALBERT KRUEGER LAUGHIN' DOWN OUR THROATS AGAIN...THAT HOOPLE-JACK BABY HAS THE NERVE TO SIT THERE BROODING LIKE A SPOILED BRAT 'CAUSE NO-BODY REMEMBERED HIS BIRTH-DAY TODAY. AIN'T THAT A...

I INTERRUPTED MAJOR POTTER TO GIVE WALLY A TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE.

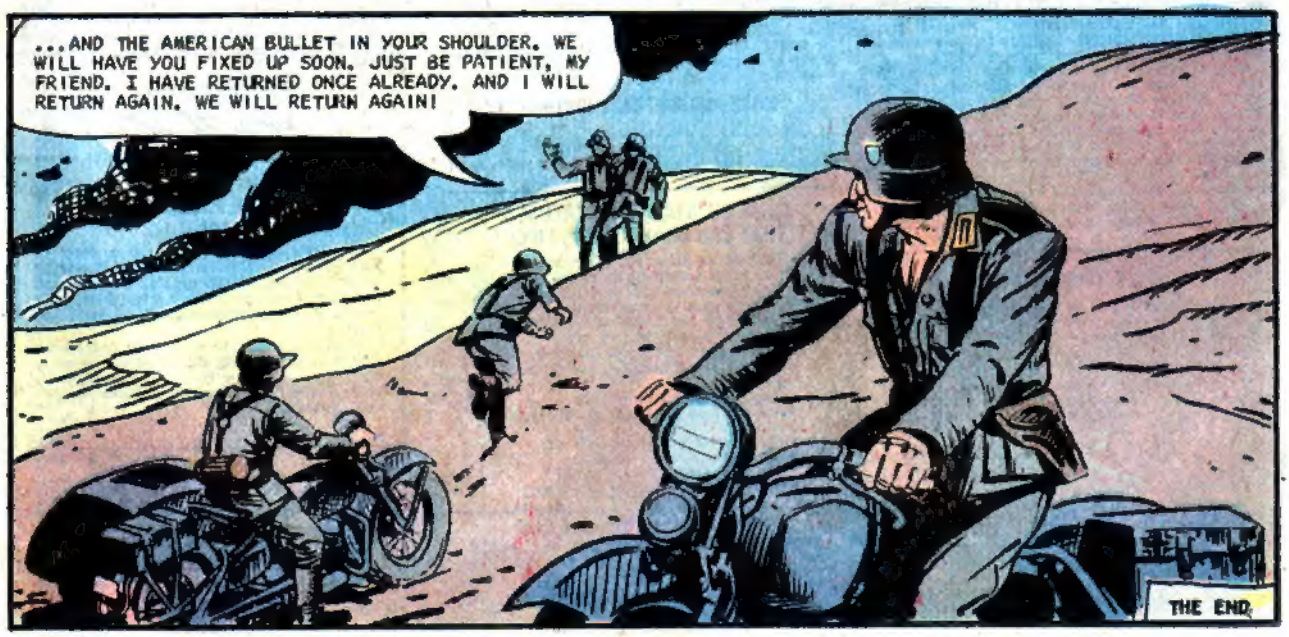
THE QUESTION. WALLY LOOKED UP AT ME. THE MOMENT OF TRUTH!

I SCRATCHED MY NOSE...CLEARED MY THROAT...HESITATED FOR A FEW SECONDS...THEN,...

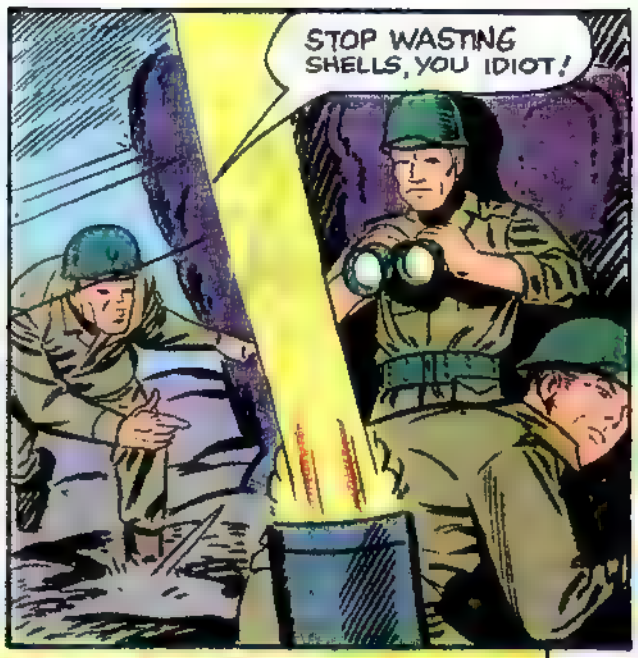


A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...

WE...WE HAVE FAILED, SIR?
NO, MY FRIEND. WE HAVE NOT FAILED. I AM QUITE SATISFIED WITH WHAT WE HAVE DONE TODAY. THE "DEVIL'S BRIGADE" KNOWS WHO WE ARE ...THEY KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO...AND THEY WILL FEAR US. MY ONLY REGRET IS THE LOSS OF SIX OF MY MEN...

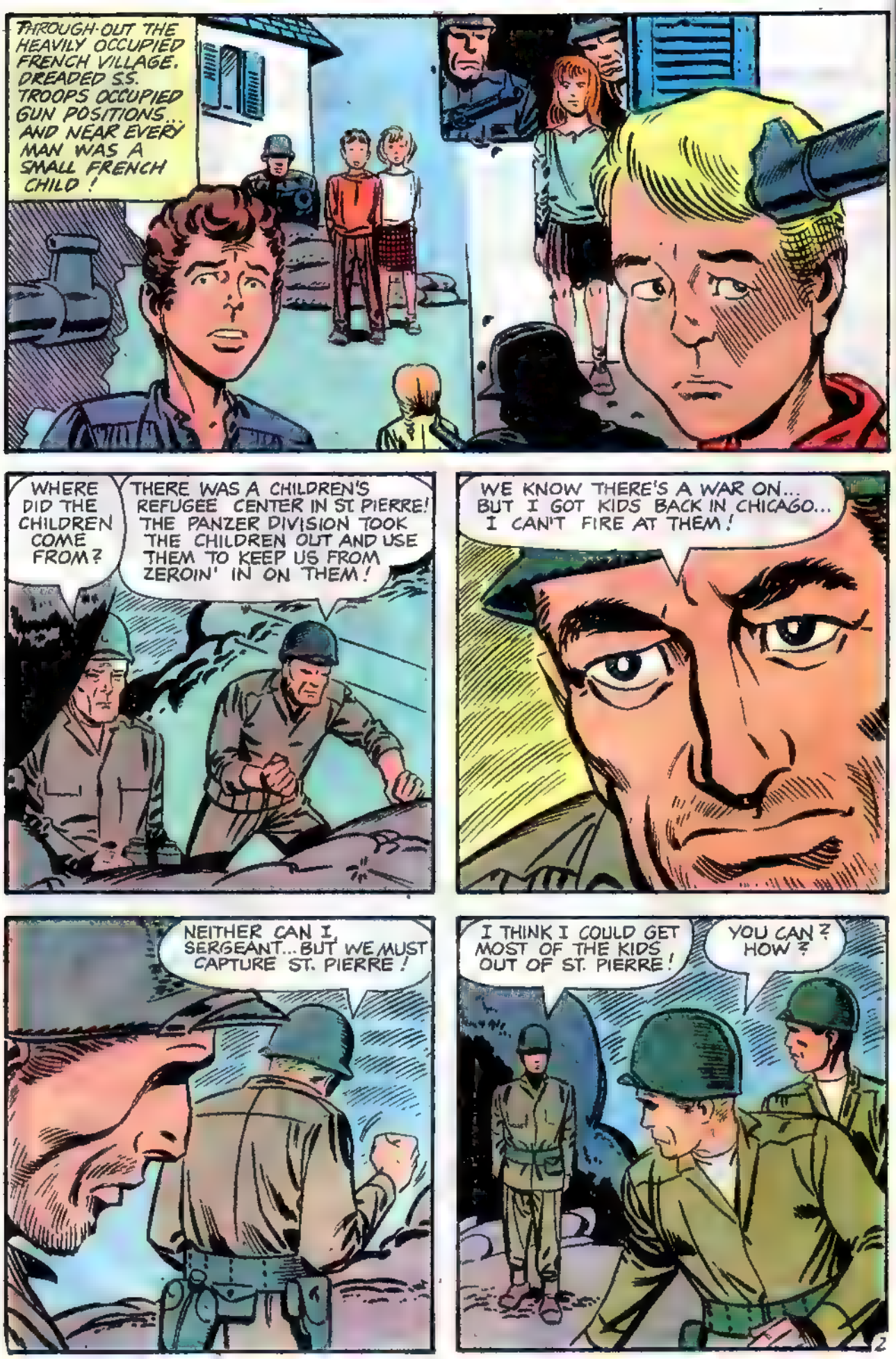

...AND THE AMERICAN BULLET IN YOUR SHOULDER. WE WILL HAVE YOU FIXED UP SOON. JUST BE PATIENT, MY FRIEND. I HAVE RETURNED ONCE ALREADY. AND I WILL RETURN AGAIN. WE WILL RETURN AGAIN!
THE END

WORLD WAR II, OCTOBER, 1944, WESTERN FRANCE OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE OF ST. PIERRE DOG COMPANY'S BOGGED DOWN...
I AM FIRING AT THE VILLAGE, SIR!
YOU'LL BE COURTMARTIALED IF YOU DON'T CORRECT YOUR AIM, SOLDIER!

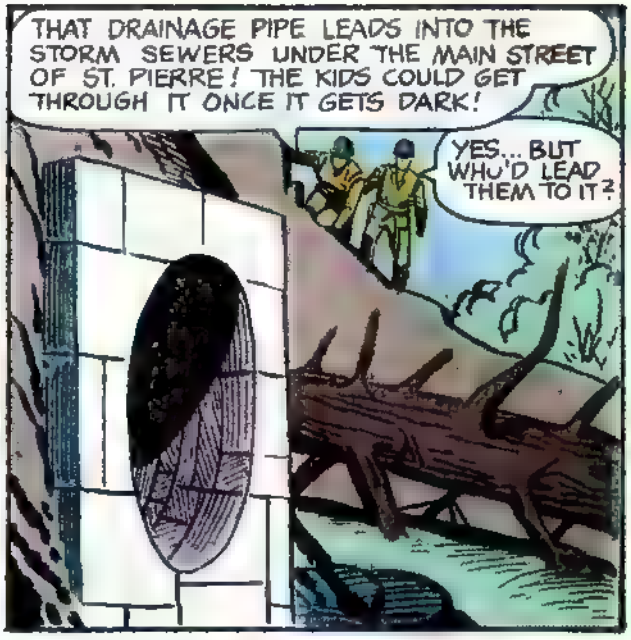


PIED PIPER OF ST. PIERRE

SGT ZEKE DZOBEK COMMANDING THE MORTAR CREW IS A COMPETENT MAN... WHEN HE'S ACCUSED OF BEING A BLUNDERING FOOL, HE HANDS THE COLONEL THE BINOCULARS!
I'LL AIM THE MORTAR, COLONEL.. TAKE A LOOK THROUGH THESE THEN TELL ME IF YOU'LL PULL THE TRIGGER!
C-399

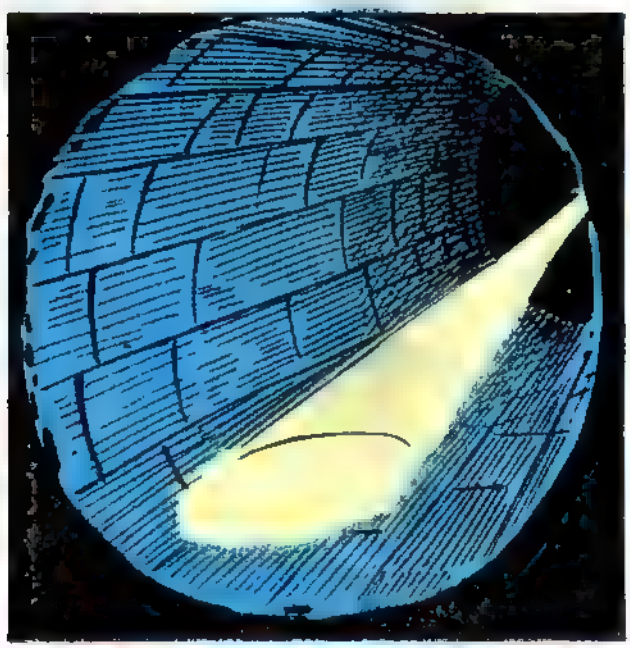

THROUGH-OUT THE HEAVILY OCCUPIED FRENCH VILLAGE. DREADED S.S. TROOPS OCCUPIED GUN POSITIONS... AND NEAR EVERY MAN WAS A SMALL FRENCH CHILD!
WHERE DID THE CHILDREN COME FROM?
THERE WAS A CHILDREN'S REFUGEE CENTER IN ST. PIERRE! THE PANZER DIVISION TOOK THE CHILDREN OUT AND USE THEM TO KEEP US FROM ZEROIN' IN ON THEM!
WE KNOW THERE'S A WAR ON... BUT I GOT KIDS BACK IN CHICAGO... I CAN'T FIRE AT THEM!
NEITHER CAN I, SERGEANT... BUT WE MUST CAPTURE ST. PIERRE!
I THINK I COULD GET MOST OF THE KIDS OUT OF ST. PIERRE!
YOU CAN? HOW?

THE UNDERGROUND USE A SECRET SIGNAL THREE WHISTLED NOTES... AND ALL OF THESE CHILDREN KNOW IT!
WELL? WHO WOULD USE IT? AND WHERE COULD THEY BE CALLED? THE NAZIS WOULD SLAUGHTER THEM IF THEY RAN TOWARD US ACROSS THE FIELD!

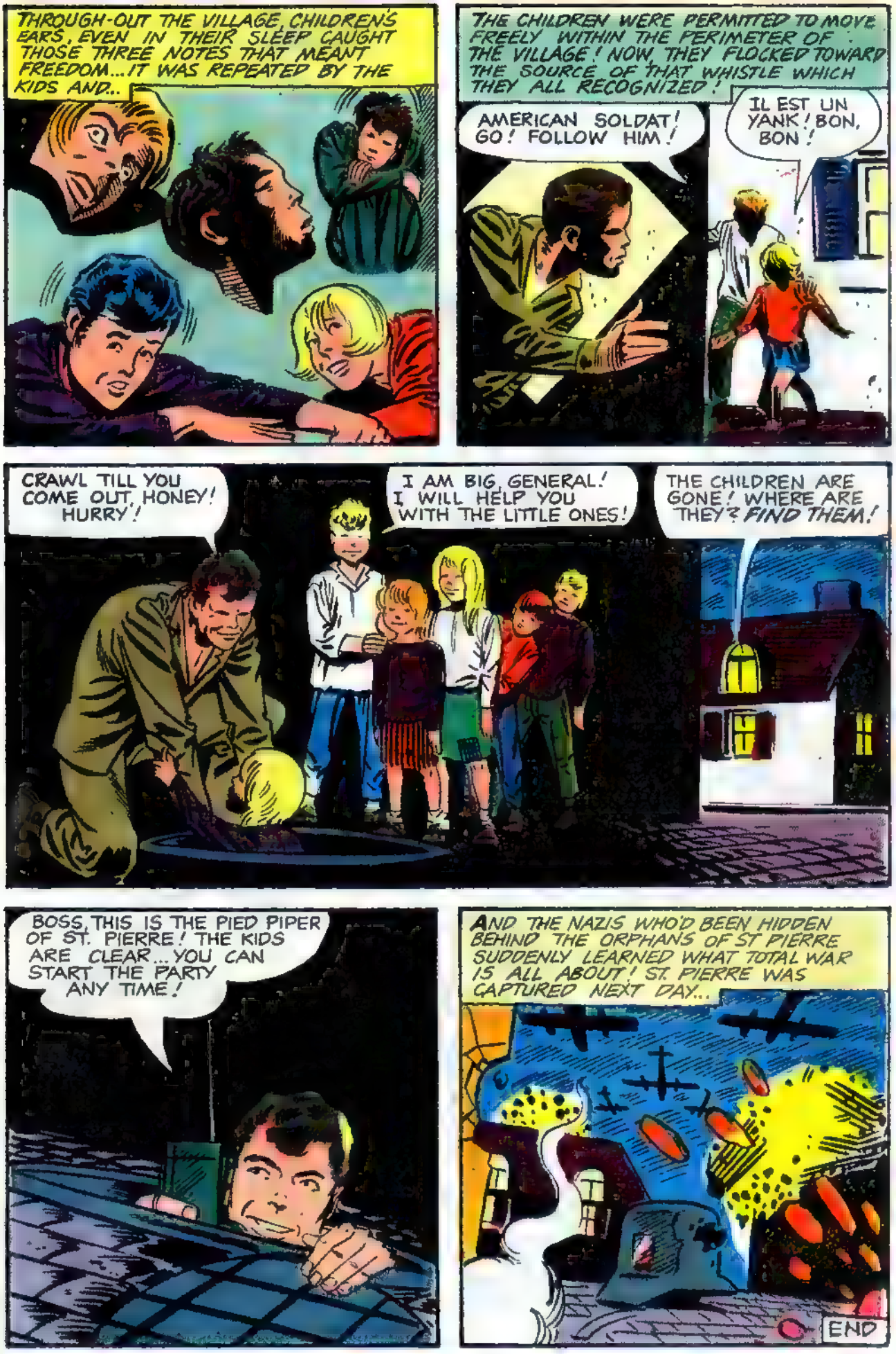

THAT DRAINAGE PIPE LEADS INTO THE STORM SEWERS UNDER THE MAIN STREET OF ST. PIERRE! THE KIDS COULD GET THROUGH IT ONCE IT GETS DARK!
YES... BUT WHO'D LEAD THEM TO IT?

I CAN, COLONEL! I'LL CRAWL INTO THE VILLAGE IF THAT PIPE IS CLEAR... LIFT A STORM SEWER COVER... AND TRY TO CONTACT THE KIDS!
IT'S WORTH A TRY, SOLDIER. GO AHEAD ..HERE, TAKE MY FLASHLIGHT!

I COULDN'T DO THAT ...BEIN' IN A TIGHT PLACE LIKE THAT BUGS ME!
IT MAY BUG ALDEN JUST AS MUCH, SERGEANT!



.MADE IT THIS FAR! NOW...
WEEET WEEET WEEEEE


THROUGH-OUT THE VILLAGE, CHILDREN'S EARS, EVEN IN THEIR SLEEP CAUGHT THOSE THREE NOTES THAT MEANT FREEDOM... IT WAS REPEATED BY THE KIDS AND..
THE CHILDREN WERE PERMITTED TO MOVE FREELY WITHIN THE PERIMETER OF THE VILLAGE! NOW, THEY FLOCKED TOWARD THE SOURCE OF THAT WHISTLE WHICH THEY ALL RECOGNIZED!
AMERICAN SOLDAT! GO! FOLLOW HIM!
IL EST UN YANK! BON, BON!
CRAWL TILL YOU COME OUT, HONEY! HURRY!
I AM BIG, GENERAL! I, WILL HELP YOU WITH THE LITTLE ONES!
THE CHILDREN ARE GONE! WHERE ARE THEY? FIND THEM!
BOSS, THIS IS THE PIED PIPER OF ST. PIERRE! THE KIDS ARE CLEAR... YOU CAN START THE PARTY ANY TIME!
AND THE NAZIS WHO'D BEEN HIDDEN BEHIND THE ORPHANS OF ST PIERRE SUDDENLY LEARNED WHAT TOTAL WAR IS ALL ABOUT! ST. PIERRE WAS CAPTURED NEXT DAY...
END

THE WARRIOR

THIS WAS DOOMSDAY HILL, NICKNAMED THAT BY THE WEARY MEN OF THE FIFTY-EIGHTH INFANTRY REGIMENT IN FRANCE, OCTOBER, 1944. FOR FIVE DAYS, THEY'VE CLIMBED THIS HEAVILY FORTIFIED HEIGHT... TO BE THROWN BACK EACH TIME WITH MANY HEAVY CASUALTIES! A CRACK NAZI SS DIVISION WAS POSITIONED THERE... REINFORCED WITH HEAVY TANKS, ARTILLERY, AND AUTOMATIC WEAPONS SET UP IN THE SKILLFULLY PLACED BUNKERS. NAZI GENERAL WERNER GERHARDT DESIGNATED DOOMSDAY HILL AS THE PIVOT ON WHICH THE ENTIRE NAZI DEFENSE WOULD ANCHOR... CONFIDENT HIS WELL-TRAINED SEASONED TROOPS WOULD THROW THE "AMATEUR" AMERICAN TROOPS BACK!
THIS IS MIKE LYDDEN, AMATEUR SOLDIER... JUST ONE YEAR AGO, HE WAS DRAFTED OFF AN IOWA FARM!
"MY INFANTRY REGIMENT IS BETTER THAN THEY REALIZE."
"MY SS DIVISION WILL SMASH THE INTRUDERS BACK TO PARIS AND THEN THE GERMAN ARMIES WILL SWEEP ALL OUR ENEMIES INTO THE SEA! HEIL HITLER!"
B-1194

MIKE LYDDEN HAD WANTED TO ENLIST WHEN HE WAS 18... BUT HIS MOTHER MADE HIM PROMISE TO WAIT TILL THE ARMY DRAFTED HIM ...! WHICH THEY DID IN THE SUMMER OF 1943.
DRAFT ROOM
I'M 1A, DAD. THEY'LL TAKE ME IN SEPTEMBER.
I WISH THEY'D TAKE ME INSTEAD, SON.
YOU BE AS GOOD A SOLDIER AS YOU CAN, MIKE. REMEMBER, IT'S NATURAL TO BE AFRAID, ESPECIALLY WHEN EVERYTHING S NEW TO YOU, BUT YOU'LL FIND THE COURAGE TO DO WHATEVER HAS TO BE DONE.
LIKE ALL DRAFTEES, MIKE WAS AWKWARD... FELT STUPID...
YOU LEFT-FOOTED HAY-SEEDS WILL GET IT RIGHT IF I GOTTA KEEP YOU HERE ALL NIGHT!
THE SKILLS CAME SLOWLY... LYDDEN HAD HUNTED, THOUGH, AND HE COULD HIT WHAT HE AIMED AT.
BASIC TRAINING WAS SHORT... THE ARMY HAD A JOB IN EUROPE AND THE PACIFIC AND THE ENEMY WOULDN'T WAIT! BUT PFC MIKE LYDDEN THOUGHT HE COULD DO THE JOB... MAYBE...
2.

NEXT STEP, A HUGE TROOP TRANSPORT HEADED FOR THE E.T.O....
I HEAR THE KRAUTS ARE ALL COMBAT VETERANS NOW... ONE GERMAN'S EQUAL TO ANY THREE FROGS OR LIMIES.
YEAH... BUT NOT AS GOOD AS US, RIGHT?
I'M SCARED... AND THE CLOSER WE GET THE MORE SCARED I GET.
THE NAZIS WILL WIPE US OUT! NOBODY IN [illegible] KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT COMBAT!
WHY AREN'T YOU DOWN BELOW SLEEPING, SON?
I COULDN'T SLEEP, GENERAL! I GUESS I'M JUST SCARED!
I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, SON. I'M SCARED TOO...
ANYONE BUT A TOTAL FOOL IS FRIGHTENED BEFORE GOING INTO BATTLE. THE DANGER IS REAL AND...
I'M NOT SCARED OF BEING HURT, SIR... I'M SCARED I WON'T BE GOOD ENOUGH TO DO THE JOB!
THAT'S ONE THING I'M NOT AFRAID OF, SON... I KNOW YOU MEN... YOU'RE ALL BETTER THAN YOU THINK!
3.

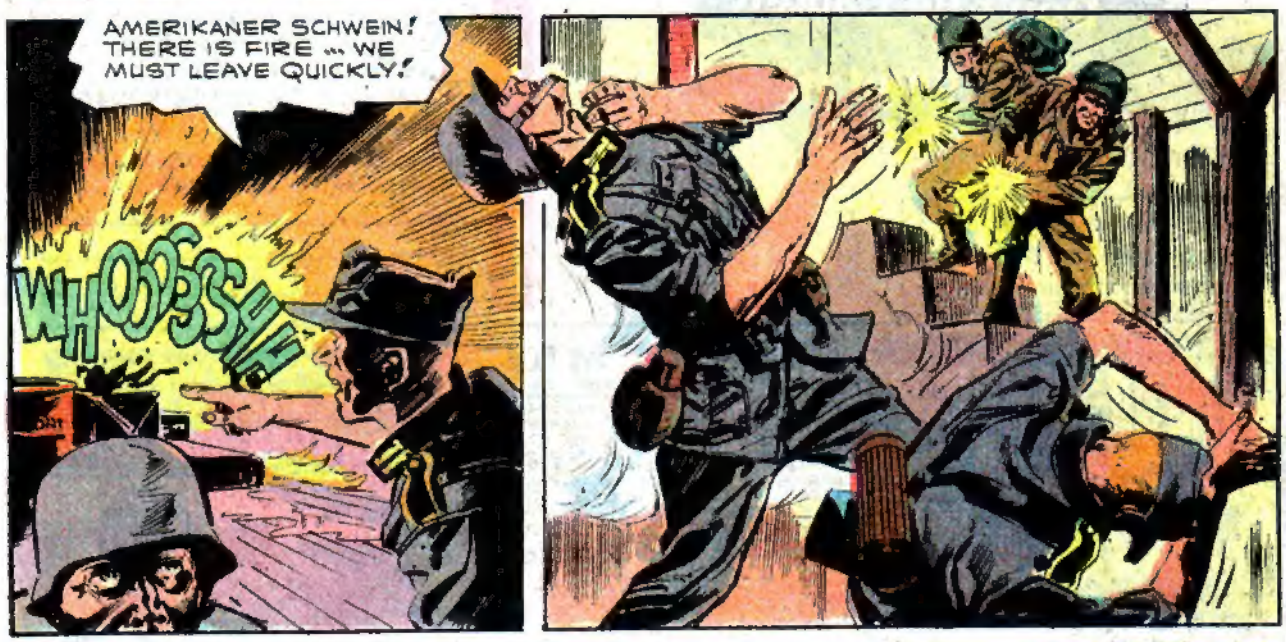
THIS WAS MIKE'S INTRODUCTION TO COMBAT... ONE OF THE COSTLIEST BATTLES IN THE BLOODY HISTORY OF MAN... THE ASSAULT OF NORMANDY BEACH!
COME ON... WE GOT TO GET TO THEM UP THERE!
THEY'RE FIRING RIGHT DOWN OUR THROATS!
IF I STAND AROUND BAWLIN', I'LL GET KNOCKED OFF... I'LL MAKE A TRY BEFORE I GO DOWN!
THERE'S A KRAUT HALFWAY UP THE... AAGHH!
I CAN REACH HIM WITH A GRENADE... GOT TO TIME IT SO HE CAN'T KNOCK IT BACK DOWN AT ME!
I HELD THE GRENADE AS LONG AS I DARED!
4.

THIS WAS ALL UNREAL TO THE DRAFTEE. NEVER, IN HIS WILDEST DREAMS DID HE THINK HE'D BE CAPABLE OF THIS ... YET, HERE HE WAS, ONE OF THE FEW WHO LIVED TO REACH THE BLUFF ... NEARING THE TOP WHERE THE NAZI PROFESSIONALS WAITED!
THEY'LL KILL ME AS EASILY AS I'D SWAT A FLY BACK HOME!
HE ... HE'S SCARED!
VERDAMMT AMERIKANER!
A FEW GIS ARE AT THE TOP OF THE CLIFF ... I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG THEY CAN STAY THERE!
EEEIIII!!!
SUDDENLY, WHAT SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE WAS A REALITY... THEY HAD THE BLUFF ... MORE GI'S WERE LIVING TO CROSS THE BEACH ... HEAVY EQUIPMENT WAS COMING IN NOW!
WHO WAS FIRST UP THE CLIFF?
THAT KID... LYDDEN'S HIS NAME!

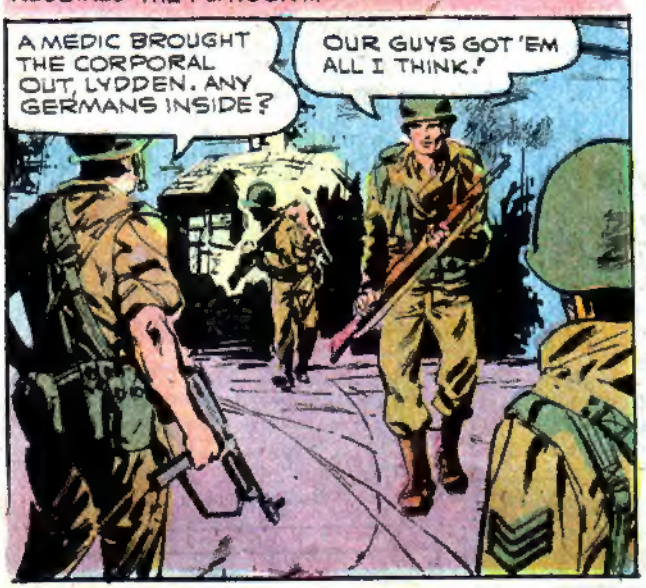
HISTORIANS HAVE CALLED IT THE LONGEST DAY... IT SEEMED TO LAST A LIFETIME TO MIKE LYDDEN.
WE WIPED OUT A NAZI COMMUNICATIONS CENTER IN THE FARMHOUSE! WHEN WILL WE QUIT? WE CAN'T REACH BERLIN ON THE FIRST DAY!
I MADE IT. SOMEBODY SAID IF YOU LIVED THROUGH THE FIRST DAY, YOU HAD A GOOD CHANCE TO MAKE IT ALL THE WAY!
I SURE MADE A LOT OF MISTAKES TODAY. I CAME OVER THAT CLIFF WITHOUT TOSSIN'A GRENADE FIRST TO SOFTEN 'EM UP... I CROSSED A FIELD STRAIGHT UP ASKIN' TO BE SHOT! I WENT INTO THAT FARMHOUSE AND LOOKED FOR SOUVENIRS... THE KRAUTS BOOBY TRAP THAT STUFF FOR JERKS LIKE ME!
I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE THEM MISTAKES AGAIN!
ST. LO... MORE MISTAKES, MORE LESSONS, MORE DEAD MEN! BUT PFC LYDDEN WAS A SURVIVOR... HE LEARNED, REMEMBERED!
LYDDEN, THERE'S A STRONG-POINT. TAKE CORPORAL JANUS AND GO UP TO THE ROOF. COME AT THE KRAUTS FROM ABOVE!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!
6.

LYDDEN WENT UP THROUGH THE HOUSE ... NOT LEAVING ANY UNOPENED ROOMS TO HIDE NAZIS WHO'D BE AT HIS BACK LATER ON!
THIS ROOM IS CLEAR BUT YA GOT TO CHECK THE CLOSETS, CORPORAL!
TRRRRSHH
WHY SHOULD I GO FIRST, LYDDEN? THE LIEUTENANT SAID YOU...
YOU GOT THE STRIPES, CORPORAL... I'M JUST AN UNRANKED DOG-FACE, REMEMBER?
KRAUTS ON THE ROOF... TAKE COVER!
LYDDEN, YUH...
AMERIKANER GRENADE!
FOR A SECOND, THE GERMAN WASN'T ALERT... WHILE HE WAS WAITING FOR THE GRENADE TO EXPLODE! THIS WAS ALL THE TIME MIKE NEED TO POP UP AND START SHOOTING...
DIRTY POOL, FRITZ!
I THOUGHT YA FORGOT TO PULL THE PIN! WHO TAUGHT YA THAT ONE?
NO ONE. I JUST NOW THOUGHT OF IT. I HAD TO HAVE A WAY TO GET TO THE ROOF, DIDN'T I?
7.

WHAT'RE YOU SMELLING? IT MUST'VE BEEN A PAINT WAREHOUSE OR FACTORY.
I THOUGHT SO. YOU'VE GOT A PHOSPHOROUS GRENADE... GIVE IT TO ME!



RESISTANCE ENDED... LYDDEN AND THE G.I. REJOINED THE PLATOON...



THERE WAS MAIL CALL LATER... AND 19 YR. OLD MIKE SMILED AS HIS FATHER WROTE ADVICE TO THE BOY HE REMEMBERS ... A BOY WHO WAS A GROWN MAN NOW...

A MAN WHO KILLS!

IN A RARE MEETING ARRANGED BY THE INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS, BRIG. GEN. ROLLINS MET WITH GENERAL WERNER GERHARDT, THIRD REICH. THEY DISCUSSED THE LOCAL CIVILIAN REFUGEE PROBLEM ...
IT IS SETTLED, GENERAL ROLLINS. WE WILL PERMIT THE LOCAL POPULATION TO LEAVE THE WAR ZONE IF YOU WILL PASS THEM THROUGH YOUR LINES.
YOU WOULD BE WISE TO SURRENDER YOUR INEXPERIENCED REGIMENT NOW, ROLLINS. THEY ARE DOOMED IF THEY AGAIN ATTACK DOOMSDAY HILL!
THEY WOULDN'T QUIT NOW IF I ORDERED IT, FRITZ. AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT THEM BEING INEXPERIENCED... THEY LEARNED PRETTY FAST SINCE NORMANDY!
WHERE THEY STOOD, THEY HAD DOOMSDAY HILL IN PLAIN SIGHT. GEN. GERHARDT USED AS AN EXAMPLE OF GERMAN PROWESS, A MACHINE GUN CREW.
WATCH THESE MEN, ROLLINS. THEY ARE UNBEATABLE! THEY ARE PROFESSIONALS!
"LOOK, ONE OF YOUR DRAFTEES, ROLLINS! MOVING ZOMBIE-LIKE, TOWARD EXECUTION! NO FIRE, NO ESPRIT DE CORPS!"
9

HE WAS CLOSE ENOUGH AND MIKE SEARCHED FOR A PARTICULAR ENEMY TO ATTACK!
OKAY, KRAUT... HERE I COME!
LYDDEN SQUEEZED OFF A FULL CLIP... AND TWO OF THE BULLETS FOUND A TARGET!
NEIN, AMI... DO NOT KILL! I SURRENDER! KAMERAD!
THE NAZI GENERAL SAW IT ALL... SAW HIS PROFESSIONALS KILLED BY A YOUNG AMERICAN SOLDIER... IN HIS HEART, DOUBT BECAME CERTAINTY... HITLER'S THIRD REICH WAS DOOMED!
THUD
THERE WAS AN AFTERMATH. NEXT DAY...
LYDDEN! MIKE LYDDEN! GENERAL ROLLINS WANTS TO SPEAK TO YOU.
ULP!
I WATCHED YOU IN ACTION, MIKE, AND I'M PUTTING YOU IN FOR A MEDAL! YOU WERE AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T BE GOOD ENOUGH! HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW?
RECKON WE'LL DO THE JOB, SIR, LIKE YOU TOLD ME... WE'RE BETTER THAN WE THOUGHT!
- THE END

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